





*Wm. B. Conway*  
*With respects*  
*W. B. M.*  
*Loco* **ORATION**

DELIVERED AT THE

**DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN CELEBRATION**

OF THE

**SIXTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY**

OF THE

**INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES,**

IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,

FOURTH JULY, 1839,

**BY WILLIAM B. MACLAY, ESQ.**

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. W. BELL, NEW ERA OFFICE.  
NO. 160 NASSAU STREET, AND 17 ANN-STREET.

MDCCCXXXIX.

PUBLICATION PRICE.

RETAIL, Single Copy, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents—WHOLESALE, for any number not less than one hundred, \$1 per 100 copies.

Orders addressed to the Publisher will be attended to.



# ORATION

DELIVERED AT THE

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN CELEBRATION

OF THE

SIXTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES,

IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,

FOURTH JULY, 1839,

BY WILLIAM B. MACLAY.

---

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE.

---

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. W. BELL, NEW ERA OFFICE,  
NO. 160 NASSAU-STREET, AND 17 ANN-STREET.

MDCCCXXXIX.



NEW-YORK, JULY 8, 1839.

SIR,

The Committee of Arrangements for the celebration of the Fourth of July, desire in this way to tender to you their acknowledgments for your acceptance of the appointment to deliver the oration on that occasion; they also feel themselves able to say, in behalf of the numerous audience assembled on that day, that the principles and views advanced by you have met their approval, and given general satisfaction.

If agreeable to your feelings, it would be gratifying to the Committee to have a copy of your address for publication.

RICHARD J. SMITH, Ch'n.,	} Committee of Arrangements.
STEPHEN R. HARRIS,	
J. J. M. VALENTINE,	
JOSEPH ROSE,	
JOHN McMAHON,	
CHA'S. H. DOUGHERTY,	
G. W. McPHERSON,	
THO'S. LLOYD,	
WM. GAGE,	
JOHN COMMEFORD,	
HENRY M'KEE,	
G. W. SHOOT,	
HOWARD S. SCHANCK.	

TO WM. B. MACLAY, Esq.

NEW-YORK, JULY 8, 1839.

DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 8th instant. If a compliance with the request of the Committee will afford them any gratification, the address is at their disposal. No one is more fully aware than yourself with what reluctance I yielded to their request to deliver it. The limited time allowed me in its preparation, must furnish an apology for any inadvertencies, whether of fact or of expression.

Yours, truly,

WM. B. MACLAY.

TO R. J. SMITH, *Chairman of Committee.*





# ORATION.

---

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

IT is a custom, which has prevailed throughout this country for more than half a century, for numbers to assemble upon this day, to withdraw their minds from the avocations and thronging cares of life, to indulge the delightful feelings, and, through some appointed organ, to give utterance to the spirit-stirring thoughts, which it so naturally awakens.

Although many, not content with questioning the utility of this custom, have assailed it with the keenest ridicule, it still continues, and will continue among us, until there are no longer hearts to glow with admiration of the patriotism, and gratitude for the services of the founders of our government. I neither rate highly the judgment, nor wish to participate in the feelings of him, who sneers at this custom, merely because expression may have occasionally been given to rant and extravagance. What though some may have exhibited a zeal, not ac-

cording to knowledge, in their admiration of the great luminaries of our revolutionary era, or in their ardor for the wider diffusion of those truths, which they sincerely believe conducive to the true interest and happiness of man! Is there not much in the event, which this day has been set apart to commemorate, to excuse, and even to justify that enthusiasm into which we are all insensibly betrayed while we contemplate it? Does not even the historian of the period, in which it occurred, seem to have taken to himself the wings of imagination, and, passing the border ground of fact, to expatiate in the realm of fiction, as he describes the patience, the courage, the heroism, the self-sacrificing spirit of the men, the bare mention of whose names awakens a pulsation of gratitude in every American heart, and whose memories are indissolubly linked to all that is enkindling in the annals of their country? Cast your eyes over other countries of the earth; look throughout the whole range of human affairs; ponder over the memorable movements, that have taken place in the rise and fall of nations, and where do you discover the parallel instance of a revolution, so righteously commenced, so wisely conducted, so gloriously terminated?

'The French Revolution, in one of the aspects in which it may be viewed will well bear a comparison with our own. It is at that period, ere yet its course had been stained with blood unrighteously shed, when delegates, under the title of the States General, had assembled from every part of France, to form a constitution, and to impose such restrictions upon the monarchy as might shelter the people from those arbitrary exactions, under which they had groaned for centuries. In accordance with these views the delegates repaired to the appointed

place of meeting, but found its doors closed by the direction of the vacillating king, and heard from the armed sentinel, stationed as a guard, the mandate to disperse. Immediately they adjourned to a ruined court room, where it was proposed by one of the members that they should bind themselves by an oath never to separate until they had accomplished the objects for which they had assembled. "An oath! an oath! let us swear it," was the universal cry, that broke, volcanic like, from the gathered throng. Bailey one of the members, afterwards Mayor of Paris, standing upon a bench, lifted up his right hand to the heavens, whose blue vault o'er arched the dilapidated hall, and slowly repeated the oath, while all present joined in the solemn adjuration. Well may the historian add, if the events which subsequently transpired could be blotted out from the page of history, that hour would have been consecrated as one of the most memorable in the annals of freedom.

---

The French Revolution has hitherto furnished an inexhaustible subject of declamation to the enemies of democratic institutions. But while we deplore its excesses, let us not forget that they are attributable to the tendency, not of the popular, but of the anti-popular principle; nor in comparing the different results in the case of this revolution and our own, should we give too loose a rein to our joy. Our lot was cast under happier auspices. No one can read our colonial history without feeling how truly the principles of liberty were understood, and how ardently they were cherished. In the cupola of the building, in which the declaration of independence was signed, yet hangs a bell, sent from Britain to Pennsylvania, when that state was a co-

lony, and bearing upon it this inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." It is an extraordinary coincidence that this was the first bell that was rung after independence of the British crown had been proclaimed, and the inscription itself furnishes a striking proof of that to which the wishes and feelings of the people pointed years before the event occurred. Indeed for more than a hundred years preceding the revolution, we had enacted laws, elected magistrates, concluded treaties, declared war, and "exercised all the rights of a sovereign people, without the consent and almost without the knowledge of the mother country." By this long preparatory training, our ancestors had become habituated to the exercise and familiar with the knowledge of their rights, and ready at a moment's warning, to rally, as one man, under the flag afterwards unfurled in their defence. But the French nation started up from the oppression of centuries, and their history shows, not the incapacity of a people to govern themselves, but that the system of representative government, which is at once our pride and defence, and which in its essential elements was unknown to the polished states of antiquity, is not the hasty product of a day; that it cannot be given like a gift, or taken like a fortress, or bought like merchandise; and that, so far from shining in full lustre among a people, a prey to general ignorance and superstition, it resembles the jewel seen by Hassan, in the cave of the genii, which did not remain wholly unknown in darkness and obscurity, but which never revealed its full beauty and brilliancy, until it glowed with the refulgence of an unclouded sun.

booty," in full view of the blue *Ægean* no longer bearing on its bosom the barbarian fleet. But where in the annals of Grecian or Roman story, inscribed though they be with all that is ennobling in national valor and all that is commanding in national supremacy, do you find the record of a scene similar to that exhibited by the people of this country, at the close of the Revolution?

The common enemy had been beaten, but the ties of common danger, which had so closely united the different confederacies, were severed. In addition to the exhaustion, which succeeds the excitement of conflict, a depreciated currency with its attendant evils fell like a blight upon the land. Commerce furled her sails. The workshop sent forth no cheerful note of industry. Men, who had heard unmoved "the shout of battle and the shock of arms" turned with moistened eyes from their wasted fortunes, and suffering wives and children. The government of the old confederation, though loved and cherished as that under which so much suffering had been endured and so much glory achieved, was scarcely equal to the emergency. Then it was, that the people exhibited a wisdom in council, which has eclipsed the courage they displayed in the field. Then it was that they reconciled jarring interests, buried in the grave of a generous oblivion mutual differences, and chose from among themselves that body, which formed the free Constitution and equal laws under which the nation attained, as by a single bound, its present greatness and prosperity. Look for a moment at the magnitude of the interests involved in the transactions of that period. Now, in too many of our political contests reference is had, not to principles, but to men, and the questions decided are what parti-

The American Revolution differs widely from every other; it presents in its whole aspect not a single feature, that can be contemplated by the friend of freedom, with other emotions than those of pride and exultation. According to the differences in the taste and education of each, will be the preferences bestowed upon different portions of it. Some best love to contemplate the steadfastness, with which arbitrary power was resisted in the colonial assemblies, and others the heroism subsequently displayed on those fields, where fell the martyrs of liberty, over whose trampled remains nought but the volleying musquetry sounded a requiem.

To me, the period immediately succeeding the close of the revolution seems the most honorable to the people of this country, and the most glorious to the cause of liberty itself. The discipline and bravery of our revolutionary armies have been equalled, I will not say excelled, although the previous history of the world scarcely furnishes any thing comparable to the prodigies of valor displayed by the legions, that bore their eagles over the ice-clad summits of the Alps, and broke through Bavaria's thousands shields upon the bridge of Lodi. Other nations have had their Lexington's to consecrate the spot, where the first blood was shed in resistance to oppression. Other nations have put forth successful efforts to preserve their soil inviolate, and to drive from their shore the foreign invader. Bear witness, immortal Marathon! On thy plain of glory "the spell of the Median name was broken, the wave of the Persian invasion stayed." High, in the lucid sky that o'er canopied thee, the moon, in throned beauty smiled at the battle's close upon Aristides and his tribe, "keeping watch over the prisoners and the

cular hands shall shift the sails and adjust the ropes of the vessel of state ; then the questions proposed were no less than what shall be the model of that vessel and out of what materials shall it be constructed. Too much government had been the evil of which the people had complained, and in resisting the increasing tendencies of of which, had thrown down the gauntlet to the mightiest nation of the globe. Many, and among them the tried friends of the country, looked with distrust upon measures which might have issued in the establishment of a central despotism ; clung with ardor to the old confederation ; and could scarcely persuade themselves that the glory of the second temple would ever equal that of the first. To secure their approbation, and to commence the untried experiment with a fair prospect of success, it was necessary that equality of rights between the citizens, and for the purpose of an enduring Union, between the States also, should be written as with sun-beams upon the national compact in which that equality was recognized and asserted. The sovereignty of the people was no longer to be an object of hope, but of continued realization.

An eloquent writer, whose works will be as durable as the language in which they are written, has well observed, that with the enemies of freedom, it has ever been a usual artifice to represent the sovereignty of the people as a license to anarchy and disorder. But the tracing up civil power to this source does not diminish our obligation to obey ; it only explains its reasons and settles it upon clear determinate principles. It turns blind submission into rational obedience ; tempers the passion for liberty with a love of order, and places

mankind in the happy medium between the extremes of oppression on the one hand and anarchy on the other. It is the polar star, which will guide us in safety over the ocean of political speculation and debate ; the law of laws, the legislator of legislators.

How happily some of the most important objects, for which governments are instituted among men, have been completely attained through the medium of the instrument to which allusion has been made, I need not pause to detail to those, who are familiar with its provisions, and who know, that whatever has clouded our national prosperity has arisen from the wickedness with which, in different stages of our history, they have been evaded and extended.

This was a crisis, in the history of our country, not second in importance to the war of independence, and that it was passed in safety will be a lasting honor to the American people, and will furnish proof to the latest time of the virtue and intelligence, that then prevailed in our national councils.

Every year that fades into the past sheds its parting, but adds light upon the intellect, which in every department of thought, the American Revolution awakened and developed.

The blow that strikes off the fetters of a nation, exalts as it frees the energies before repressed ; sends an invigorating tide through all the pulses of social life ; and calls into being the arts, which refine and embellish ci-



vilization while they mark its limits and perpetuate its triumphs to distant ages.

Cicero declares that all the arts are united by a common bond, or to express his thought in other language, that whatever state or position of society is favorable to the growth of any one of these arts, is essentially so of all. Men lose sight of this great authority, when they assert that while the American Revolution has furnished some remarkable examples of oral eloquence, which it was in the very nature of the occasion to call forth, it has yet bequeathed to posterity no work of genius, in which its principles have been illustrated and enforced. The period of the Revolution was one, in which our ancestors were called to demonstrate,

“The unconquerable strength that fills  
The freeman battling on the hills.”

and we therefore look for displays of intellectual power rather among those who wielded the sword than the pen. Those, however, who have described the scenes in which they were actors, and who have embodied in a visible form their views of the nature and tendency of the principles for which they struggled, have done so with a truth and power never surpassed. Upon the whole science of government a flood of light has been poured. The state papers that issued during the contest, and at, and subsequent to the formation of the government—all the labor of men actively engaged in the revolution, partaking more or less largely of its spirit, and elevated by a grateful country to the high trusts they enjoyed, not less from a conviction of their eminent pub-

lic services than of their rare natural endowments—will well sustain a comparison with similar productions of any age or country.

Nor is this unadmitted by those who have hitherto seen fit to deny it.

The wounds inflicted upon national vanity are healing or are healed; the passions and prejudices, springing out of our revolutionary contest, are swiftly passing away, and like the mists, which the sun disperses from the face of the landscape, leaving in revealed loveliness the beauty, which was before seen, if seen at all, through so distorted a medium, that the partial beholder was led to deny, and indeed furnished with a plea for denying its existence. That plea is no longer available, nor is it sought.

Lord Brougham in his recent work, "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People," has recommended to every member of the working population of Great Britain to devote his first earnings to the purchase of the life and writings of Benjamin Franklin.

Fifty years ago, who could have believed that the time would so soon arrive, in which, one of the first statesmen of the mother country, would hold up the life and sentiments of the rebel and traitor of that period, as a model and a guide to his countrymen. Alison, one of the most eminent of British historians, whose political predilections led him to look with no partial eye upon Washington, has pronounced the farewell address of the

Father of his country, the noblest monument of uninspired wisdom that the world has yet seen.

Nor does the Declaration of Independence merit a fainter eulogy.—In it has expression been given, with inimitable brevity and force, not only to the grievances and resolute will of a whole people, but to those eternal and unchanging principles of right, the exposition of which occupies the greater portion of this noble manifesto, and which has rendered it, at once the most important document that has yet emanated from the human mind, and the imperishable monument of the wisdom and patriotism of its illustrious author Thomas Jefferson.

Of this great man, I trust, I may speak without incurring the suspicion of cherishing a wish to withdraw your minds from such contemplations as are proper to the day, or of prostituting its sacred objects to the mere purposes of party. It is true, he was the defender of the democratic interest. It is true, he was the type of the democratic spirit. But it is also true, that his fame is a rich legacy bequeathed to the whole country, which it is the bounden duty of every citizen of that country, to feel as if he alone were its guardian,—from which none but the phrenzied partizan will withhold the tribute of his admiration; and as among the Romans, it would have been deemed a species of impiety to have left out of those processions, in which they were wont to be carried, the bust of any one of their ancestors, by whom the glories of the Republic had been upheld and extended, so should I esteem myself worthy of your indignant censure, were I, upon a day

memorable in his life, and hallowed by his death, to neglect to hold up to your view the venerated image of the author of the declaration. None but those, who are familiar with the eventful period in which he lived, and with the varied services, which both in public and in private life, he rendered his country, can form a proper estimate of one, "the natural element of whose mind was greatness."

To the careless observer of our revolutionary era, a few men only are seen standing prominently out from the common level, while in truth, it was an era of unexampled prodigality in great minds—it resembles an evening sky, which to the naked eye seems lit up by only here and there a star shining through wide intervals of azure, but which to our aided vision is resplendent with innumerable constellations. But beyond any of the shining band of his cotemporaries, Jefferson possessed a confidence in the ultimate success of the experiment of self government, which peculiarly fitted him to give to the age and body of the time its form and pressure, which has embalmed his memory in the affections of the general heart, which has rendered his name a rallying cry, his policy a tower of strength, and which the result, the triumphant result, has so abundantly demonstrated was owing, not as was at the time asserted, to his sanguine temperament, but to his sound and generous mind.

And what is there in the history of the past, I care not to what page of it you refer, that shows that this confidence of Thomas Jefferson in the entire ability, of a people to govern themselves is unwarranted? Am I di-

rected to those short-lived republics of modern, or those more celebrated of ancient times whose day of intellectual splendor was succeeded by a night of barbarism ? How can they fairly be pressed into the service of the objector ? What essential features of similarity exist between their case and ours ? For all the purposes of comparison, the differences are too wide and manifold, nor can I conceive of any thing more absurd than the constant reference, which has been made to the States of antiquity to show, by the one side the good, or by the other the evil results flowing from a state of society, in which the people are the source and stream of power.

The representative system, as I have already intimated, was comparatively unknown to those States, or but dimly shadowed forth in the conceptions of their wisest citizens. We have heard much of those fierce democracies, of the ingratitude with which they treated their best benefactors ; but let us not do deep injustice to the people of every age by receiving as truths, not to be questioned, the representations of partial historians.

Bulwer, who has given to this subject more candor and research than any writer of the present day has expressly declared that they were not democracies even in their most democratic shape ; that the vast majority of the working classes were the enslaved population ; and that, hence, to increase the popular tendencies of the republic was only in fact, to increase the liberties of the few.

Let us hear no more of these miscalled free states, preserved from utter oblivion, not from the advance-

ment, which during the brief period of their existence was made in political knowledge and rights, but from the splendid effusions of their poets, and orators, which have crowned them with a wreath of unfading greenness, and, like the embalming preparations of the Egyptians, saved from perishing that which was only fit to perish. Here, for the first time in the history of the civilized world, has the whole political power been placed in the hands of the whole body of the people, and the results are as astonishing, as they are gratifying. The past is full of encouragement, and the future bright with hope. New stars are constantly joining that galaxy, whose steadily increasing effulgence attracts the gaze of nations. Our flag floats on every sea, and is a passport and protection in every clime. Time, in its flight, has extended the application without impairing the purity of the principles of the revolution. Questions, that arrayed state against state and shook the country to its centre, have been settled, not as in other countries, and in former times, amid the tears and blood of civil war, but in the peaceful halls of legislation, leaving our national escutcheon without a stain. The diffused intelligence, the deep interest evinced by the community in the discussion of moral and political subjects demand, and the public press of our country issues more daily journals than the whole world besides. Of the liberal provision made by this and neighbouring states for educational purposes, and with the view of elevating the great mass of the community, time forbids me to discourse. Through these and kindred influences, mighty impulse has been given to the cause of popular freedom. Its echoes have not died along our own shores, but have woke, with their reverberation, the le-

thargy of distant lands. "Let the trumpet of alarm be sounded and its notes are now heard by every nation, whether of Europe or America. Let a voice borne on the feeblest breeze tell that the rights of man are in danger, and it floats over valley and mountain, across continent and ocean, until it has vibrated on the ear of the remotest dweller in christendom. Let the arm of oppression be raised to crush the feeblest nation on earth, and there will be heard every where, if not the loud shout of defiance, at least the deep-toned murmur of implacable displeasure. It is the cry of insulted, aggrieved, much abused man. It is human nature waking in her might from the slumber of ages, shaking herself from the dust of antiquated institutions, girding herself for the combat, and going forth conquering and to conquer; and wo unto the man, wo unto the dynasty, wo unto the policy, and wo unto the party on whom shall fall the scath of its blighting indignation." Yet there are not wanting those, who affect to see nothing remarkable in the scenes which are shifting around them with such startling interest and rapidity.

They manifest no generous sympathy with the struggles of liberty abroad, no desire to remedy existing abuses at home—you tell them you are unwilling to eat the bitter fruits of erroneous doctrine and partial legislation, and they answer (as they of old did to the selected propagators of christianity) "what will these babblers say?"—But the system thus despised, even in the first century of its propagation, encircled in its wide embrace the then known world. And why? Because it contemplated man as man: it overlooked the adventitious circumstances of time and place, and regarded

only the dignity of his nature and the grandeur of his destiny; hence when its founder appeared on the shores of the Gallilean sea, and disciples came to him from John to make the enquiry, “Art thou he that should come or do we look for another?” what was the reply—“Go and shew John again these things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them”—unto the poor the gospel is preached! Here was a circumstance, that to ordinary observation might have passed unheeded, but which in the eye of Him who saw the end from the beginning, was thought worthy to cap the climax in an enumeration of those mighty miracles, that were astonishing earth and heaven. The philosophy of Athens saw nought but folly in the doctrine of equality, thus promulgated; and whatever political organization of the present day proposes to carry into practical operation the principles of this doctrine must expect to encounter the ridicule and opposition of the adherents of the ancient superstition. I trust, however, I am addressing men, who are not to be deterred through fear of a few cheap epithets of calumny from placing before the public eye, whatever may be incompatible with the public weal, and from enlarging those views, and strengthening those feelings, through which alone the blessings of equal laws and a free constitution can be perpetuated from generation to generation. Do you realize in its extent the value of those blessings? For the privileges, which we now enjoy—privileges, which are so common and familiar that like the air we breathe, we never fully feel, the value until we suffer the deprivation—how many thousands



have encountered imprisonment, exile and even death itself. Look at the neighbouring British provinces. Boasting a soil, in many portions superior to any other on this continent, its oppressed cultivators have continued from year to year unstimulated to industry because deprived of its rewards by the measures of a tyrannical government.

The attachment to the scenes, in which our earliest years have been passed, is among the strongest of the strangely complicated passions of the human bosom. Those of you with whom this country is one of adoption, know full well how often a word, a look, a tone, the repetition of some half forgotten strain of melody, has summoned around you the images and associations of the past, while the tear, repressed with difficulty, has attested the undimmed remembrance of the kindred, to whom you have bidden farewell, of the loved land entwined with your earliest recollections. One of the sweetest poets in our language, by a natural and striking simile, has beautifully illustrated the strength of this passion in the native of Switzerland, the cheerful inmate of a rude dwelling, perched upon some giddy elevation, exposed to the changeful fury of the tempest, while scattered around it in gloomy magnificence lay the rocks and floods, that blend a horror with the grandeur of the scenery of the land of Tell. Yet,

3

“ Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;  
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close, and closer to its mother’s breast;  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind’s roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more.”

But strong and universal as is this passion, it has been conquered in the breasts of thousands of the inhabitants of the British provinces, who during a few months past have sought in this country an asylum for themselves and a home for their children. While their example teaches us with what difficulty even the ordinary rights of human nature are attained, and induces us to hug yet more closely to our bosoms the liberties which distinguish us as a nation, let no one be disheartened as to the ultimate issue of as just a struggle as ever warmed the hearts, and nerved the arms of freemen.

“ States caring not what Freedom's price may be,  
 May late or soon, but must at last be free ;  
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill  
 The public soul—the hereditary will  
 That downward as from sire to son it goes,  
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows ;  
 Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughtered men  
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.”

When the Spaniards first landed upon the southern portion of this continent, they were impelled to the hardships, which they endured, and to the cruelties which they committed, not less from an inordinate thirst of gold, than because they gave credence to the fable of a fountain concealed in some of the solitudes of the western hemisphere, which possessed the virtue of imparting happiness and a perpetuity of youth to the fortunate man who drank of its waters.

This wild vision of a wilder age has been more than realized. Then, as now, multitudes crowd from the shores of the old, to those of the new world, long hidden in the night of ages, yet foretold in a moment of in-

spiration by a Roman sage. They come to slake their thirst at that fountain of truth and freedom, opened up for the healing of the nations, by the institutions of this country. Would you keep it bright and pure, and ever flowing? Defend the well earned fame of those, who have made this day the brightest in the records of freedom. Emulate their lofty patriotism in offering every feeling of selfishness or local animosity, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of the general good. Cherish a love, and diffuse a knowledge of those principles which lie at the foundation of all good government. Be ever mindful that you are guardians of your own liberty, and that the interests of the human race are interwoven with our destinies as a nation. In every emergency, be true to yourselves and the high responsibilities imposed upon you. So shall those, who in future years celebrate this eventful day reverence your memories as men who were neither insensible nor unfaithful to the great interests committed to their charge. So shall the time speedily arrive when our language and our laws, our manners and our liberty shall be diffused from the frozen regions of the north, to that far southern extremity of land whose foot is washed by the mingling billows of the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Not the least among the happy circumstances under which we are this day assembled is the presence of the chief representative of our feelings and sentiments—the President of these happy States—**MARTIN VAN BUREN**. It furnishes a proof both to his indifference to the misrepresentation of which it exposes him, and of his love of the principles this day proclaimed.

Despite the calumny with which his administration and that of his predecessor has been assailed, they have been marked by a broad and comprehensive policy, stamped with the approbation of the wise and good, and will stand recorded in the page of the future history of this country, as inferior to none that have preceded them, for the clearness with which they have asserted, and the energy with which they have carried into operation democratic principles.

Am I departing too widely from the nature of this occasion? Do I not express your feelings as well as my own, when I say, that we welcome him to his native state, to this great metropolis; that we congratulate him on the return of this auspicious day, and assure him that in future struggles to uphold the integrity of the constitution, whatever may be the result of the battle elsewhere, New-York will be the first to lift up the note of victory, as she will be the last to desert that banner which bears upon its folds the mottoes of the people.



